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THE
WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES
OF
DRUNKENNESS;

Containing a variety of Plain and important Maxims, well
worthy of being remembered by every Man and
Woman in the Kingdom.



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THE
WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES
OF
DRUNKENNESS.

IF you wish to be always thirsty, be a *Drunkard*; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a *Drunkard*; for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a *Drunkard*; and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a *Drunkard*; and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon be ragged and pennyless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a *Drunkard*; for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be imposed on by knaves, be a *Drunkard*; for that will make their task easy.

If you would wish to be robbed, be a *Drunkard*; which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you would wish to blunt your senses, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to unfit yourself for rational intercourse, be a *Drunkard*; for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a *Drunkard*; that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and secrets, be a *Drunkard*; and they will soon run out as the liquor runs in.

If you think you are too strong, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon be subdued by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a *Drunkard*; and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour but a work-house, be a *Drunkard*; and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon do it effectually.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a *Drunkard*; for, little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon have reason to prefer the by-paths to the public streets.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and "cumber the ground," be a *Drunkard*; for that will render you useless, helpless, burthensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a *Drunkard*; for the approach of a Drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a *Drunkard*; and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you do not wish to have your faults reformed, continue to be a *Drunkard*; and you will not care for good advice.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a *Drunkard*; and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a *Drunkard*; and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a *Drunkard*; as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a *Drunkard*; that you may be excluded from heaven.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a *Drunkard*; and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

Drunkenness expels reason—drowns the memory—defaces beauty—diminishes strength—inflames the blood—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse—the beggar's companion, the wife's woe, and children's sorrow—makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and is a self-murderer, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own. He is worse than a beast, for no animal will designedly intoxicate itself, but a drunkard swallows his liquor, well knowing the condition to which it will reduce him, and that these draughts will deprive him of the use of his reason, and render him worse than a beast. By the effects of liquor his evil passions and tempers are freed from restraint; and, while in a state of intoxication, he commits actions, which, when sober, he would have shuddered only to have thought of. Many an evil deed has been done, many a MURDER has been committed, when those who did these things were intoxicated; scarcely an assize passes without some unhappy prisoner attempting to excuse his guilt by the plea that he was under the influence of liquor. This excuse the law allows not, and most justly, for if men voluntarily deprive themselves of their reason, surely they cannot be innocent of whatever evils they commit while in that state. Tremble then, O Drunkard, reflect before you put the cup to your lips, remember that you are about to make yourself ready to commit every crime to which an evil nature, no longer checked, can incite you, and that you may awake from

this state, guilty of offences against the laws of your country, sufficient to draw down just vengeance upon your head; and while suffering the punishment of your evil deeds, or reflecting on the harm done, perhaps to your best friend, what consolation can the remembrance of your worse than beastly enjoyment give you?

All the crimes on the earth do not destroy so many of the HUMAN RACE, nor alienate so much PROPERTY, as DRUNKENNESS. LORD BACON.

Surely these are reasons sufficient, and more than sufficient, to induce you to dash the poisoned cup to the ground, and shudder at the danger.

But are there not still stronger arguments against drunkenness than these? Surely there are. Those already given, affect the *body*, and reason forbids them; but you have an immortal, a never-dying *soul*; and drunkenness will assuredly destroy your soul, and consign you to everlasting misery.

Hear what the *word* of God declares:

Awake, ye drunkards, and weep. (Joel i. 5.)

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contention? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine, at the last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder. (Prov. xxv. 29, 32.)

Woe unto them that rise up in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. (Isaiah v. 11. 22.)

Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it. (Isaiah xxiv. 9.)

The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; uncleanness, murders, Drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you, that they which do such things, shall not inherit the kingdom of God. (Gal. v. 19, 21.)

If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. (Rom. viii. 13.)

Let us walk honestly, as in the day ; not in rioting and Drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof. (Rom. xiii. 13, 14.)

Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of his flesh reap corruption ; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. (Gal. vi. 7, 8.)

These are awful declarations ; and they will certainly be fulfilled upon the *drunkard* who continues to delight in drunkenness ; he cannot enjoy the love of God, he will not be received into heaven ;—think of these things, and while there is yet time, pray to God to enable you to forsake your sin—remember, God has said in his word,

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. (Isaiah lv. 7.)

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief. (1 Tim. i. 15.)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John iii. 16.)

May these words be impressed on your soul, and direct you to that refuge, where alone is safety ; to those paths which alone lead to comfort in this world, and happiness in the next.

Ah, how silly is the drinker,
Swallowing more than he can need ;
To the eye of every thinker,
He must seem a fool indeed.

So he hurts his constitution,
Adding drunkenness to thirst ;
All for want of resolution,
Not to yield to drink at first.

Was he used to work and labour,
 Honest industry his pride?
 Idle now, a wretched neighbour,
 Hurts himself and all beside.

Has he wife, of love and beauty,
 Yielding him a plenteous share?
 Soon he fails in every duty,
 Nor for dearest ties will care.

Has he children, young and tender,
 Sweetly prattling at his knee?
 Nought but curses does he render
 To his trembling family.

Business must decay, and fail him,
 None a *Drunkard* will employ:
 No disease that e'er could ail him,
 Could so sure and quick destroy.

See Religion mourns, and warns him;
 Virtue, goodness, flee away:
 Does God love the wretch!—he leaves him;
 For a *Drunkard* does not pray.

Oh! what shame to see a creature
 Found in shape so much divine,
 Ruin and debase each feature,
 Swoln and bloated like the swine.

How debas'd that noble reason,
 Which to worship God was given:
 Foul the *Drunkard's* sin, 'tis treason,
 And will cast him out of heaven.

How deform'd his best affections,
 Warp'd from heaven to dying earth;
 Can he bear his own reflections,
 On his base his sordid mirth?

To drink he truly sacrifices
 Health, and wealth, and self, and friends :
 This the only God he prizes :
 Here how slavishly he bends.

But can this his idol save him,
 When he's on a dying bed :
 When the devils wait to have him,
 Watching round his guilty head ?

What new plea, what strong petition,
 Can he urge to stop his doom ?
 Vain his cries, and vain his wishing,
 When to judgment he shall come.

Stop then, drinker, dash the liquor,
 Dash it from thee on the ground ;
 Not a serpent stings thee quicker,
 None with viler poison's found.

Stop there,—turn thine eyes to heaven,
 Seek the loving, dying Lord ;
 Pray to have thy sins forgiven,
 And thy sin-lost soul restor'd.

Grace can heal thy sin-sick nature ;
 Give thee power thy lusts to quell,
 Make thee quite another creature ;
 Make thee whole, and keep thee well.

Hear the words the gospel sends thee,
 " Laden sinner, come to me ;"
 If the Saviour does befriend thee,
 Sav'd for ever thou shalt be.